

Cliftons Great Special Sale

—OF CLOTHING!—

BEGINNIG Saturday, July 16th and continuing until August 1st, we shall place on sale **AT COST** and **LESS THAN COST** our entire stock of Clothing. We shall not confine you to a few hot weather coats and vests or a few summer suits at a reduction of 10 or 15 per cent, you can do that anywhere

But will offer you choice of anything in our \$5000.00 Stock of the Best Clothing in Marion at Prices lower than ever before offered by any house in town.

If you intend to buy a suit within the next six months now is your opportunity to save good money. No difference whether it's a Summer Suit, Winter Suit or all-the-year-round-suit you want you can have the largest line of new patterns in town to select from and can buy them at a price that you positively cannot duplicate elsewhere.

Here Are a Few Figures---Look at Them!

A lot of \$8.50 and \$10.00 Suits for **\$6.00 to \$7.00**
A lot of \$12.00 and \$13.50 Suits for **\$8.50 to \$9.00**

A Lot of \$15.00 Suits, the Finest Clothing in Marion
For \$10.00.

A lot of \$4.00 and \$5.00 Suits for **\$2.50 to \$3.00**
A lot of \$6.50 to \$7.50 Suits for **\$4.50 to \$5.00**

Remember that most of our stock of Clothing is made by Kirschbaum, the largest clothing factory in the world. They are the best made, best fitting and have more style about them than any other make of Clothing.

CLIFTONS.

We never advertise bargains until we are ready to give bargains.
When you buy a Kirschbaum suit at cost you get about the biggest bargain you ever bought.

QUEER THINGS AND QUEER PEOPLE

Lee Turner, editor of the Fulton Leader, recently received a fine chicken, which he supposing it to be a token of appreciation from a discriminating reader, took it home and ate it for dinner. The following morning he received this letter: "Dear Editor: Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to settle a dispute which has arisen here. It died with a new kind of disease. My wife thinks it had cholera while I think it had blind staggers. Please examine it and let me know what you think the trouble was."

"Speaking about people sleeping," said one of the speakers gathered around Haynes' drug store, "Roy Gilbert is the longest sleeper I ever heard of. Last summer," continued the speaker, "Roy was stopping at the Crittenden Springs hotel, and on retiring Sunday morning at 1 o'clock, he gave orders to be left alone until he awoke. Sunday afternoon inquiries were made about Roy and it was learned that he was still asleep, and so he slept until noon Monday, 30 hours." It is nothing uncommon for Roy Gilbert to sleep from 16 to 18 hours but this 36 hour nap is a record breaker.

At the opening of Marion's new postoffice, Postmaster Crider advertised that he would be there at 5 o'clock or earlier on Wednesday for the purpose of allotting boxes. The first to come, first was R. F. Haynes, A. M. Hearin and Charles Moore met at Haynes' drug store and telephoned Mr. Crider to come up, that they wanted to select their boxes. About this time, Press Maxwell passed along by the drug store enroute to the postoffice to select his box. At 2:20 o'clock, it was claimed, Mr. Crider appeared at the postoffice. Messrs. Haynes, Hearin and Moore were coming to

ward the building in the middle of the street and the spokesman said: "We are first and we want to select our boxes." Mr. Maxwell stepped out from the side of the door and said: "Hold on, boys, you are not first for I claim that honor myself." So P. S. Maxwell rented box No. 1.

The subject of organization is one of the most common topics with our people. We hear it discussed on the streets, in the business houses, around the fireside and in fact, every where in the bounds of the Grand Old Commonwealth of Crittenden county. A few days ago three "gentlemen from Indiana," were in town for the purpose of organizing a company of Modern Woodmen and while strolling around our streets seeking whom they might devour, they met one of our genial clergymen, who, by the way, is somewhat interested in our mineral wealth and would like to organize a mining company, and he, seeing the "gentlemen from Indiana," and presuming they were capitalists from a distance, accosted them and they readily fell into conversation. One of the "gentlemen from Indiana" informed the genial minister that they would like to have a "little talk" with him and he readily assented and invited them to his residence. Arriving at the clergyman's house the host served ice water and other refreshments such as pure air and palm leaf fans and then began to explain his plans for organization. Two of the "gentlemen from Indiana" busied themselves with an inspection of the minister's library, reading a newspaper and examining geological specimens while the elderly gentleman listened patiently, sometimes impatiently, to a graphic description of our mineral wealth and finally, the "gentleman from Indiana" found a gap in the clergyman's eloquence sufficient to

wedge the name of his fraternity and land some of the virtues and advantages over all other like organizations, then all was chaos in the minister's studio. The two organizers who had been onlookers, turned over their chairs and tumbled headlong out at an open window, the preacher fainted and the elderly "gentleman from Indiana" made his escape unhurt and took a solemn obligation to never listen to another mineral story.

Press Maxwell has been carrying a man by the name of Ezra Snoozer for a couple of hundred dollars for pretty near a couple of hundred years, anyhow the paper which represents the indebtedness has worn down to such an extent that it is simply a shadow of its former self. Ezra, it seems, during all these years, has been fairly well taken care of by his better half and as he absolutely had no property himself the chances for collection on this long past due note was to say the least scaly. At one of our revival meetings, which are occasionally held in Crittenden county, Mr. Snoozer experienced a change of heart and a friend of Mr. Maxwell hurried to tell him of the fact. Press heard the news very calmly and in his dry way replied that if Ezra Snoozer had got religion he had certainly got it in his wife's name.

Valuable Animal.

Mrs. Mary E. Giles, of near Howell, is the owner of a Jersey cow which, it is said produces nine gallons of milk per day. The accumulation of lactic fluid is so rapid that it has become necessary to milk her three times a day. The large quantity of milk does not include that which is consumed by the calf, which is permitted to lunch at intervals during the day.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

The Test of Greatness.

Campaign buttons and complimentary newspaper notices are all right, but some people will not believe fame has really struck the man from Indiana until they see the 5-cent cigar.

The History of Babbitt Metal.

An erroneous idea appears to prevail in regard to the invention of babbitt metal, says the Metal Industry. Although Isaac Babbitt was the inventor of the method of using soft metals in journal boxes, his patent specifications make no claim on the alloy itself, but simply on the method of holding the soft metal in place.

Isaac Babbitt was born in Taunton, Massachusetts, on July 26, 1779. He learned the trade of goldsmith, and in 1824, in his native town, made the first britannia ware produced in the United States but this enterprise proved unsuccessful. He then removed to Boston and entered the employ of the South Boston Iron Works, and in 1839, while an employe of this establishment, he produced the invention which has perpetuated his name. For this invention he was given a gold medal from the Massachusetts Caritable Mechanics' Association, and afterward Congress granted him the sum of \$20,000 as a reward. In 1844 the invention was patented in England and in 1847 in Russia. After devoting some time to the production of metals he engaged in the manufacture of soap, so that his name has become almost a household word. He died insane at the McLean Asylum, Somerville, Massachusetts, on May 26, 1862.

The fact that in the patent specification no claim is made for the alloy is sufficient to dispel the ordinary belief in this direction. Britannia metal, pewter, or an alloy of tin, 50 parts; antimony, 5 parts, and copper 1 part are recommended. The latter alloy is somewhat softer than that now known as "genuine babbitt," which is commonly composed of tin, 96 parts; antimony, 8 parts, and copper, 4 parts. The original idea in the use of a soft metal was practically the same as it is now—i. e., to make a bearing which would conform to the surface of the axle. It is natural, then, that the alloys used today are somewhat harder than the original material employed. It is

also natural that the same Isaac Babbitt should have been handed down to posterity as the inventor of the alloy, although, of course, quite erroneously.—Power and Transmission.

"What's the Use?"

Eight years ago FREDERICK T. DENOIS, of Idaho, nobly bolted in silver's cause from the Republican convention at St. Louis. Four years ago he helped manage the silver Republican convention at Kansas City just as eagerly as though he were running the three-ring circus instead of the little side show. Now he has been a delegate to the Democratic convention at St. Louis.

But his heart is heavy as he looks around him and reflects upon the kind of a Democratic platform he will be called upon to support. "Back among the gold-bugs," he murmurs. "I might as well have remained a Republican as to land like this in a gold Democratic convention. What's the use?"

Mr. Dubois should not be so down-hearted. Let him reflect on all the things Democracy has done for him. If he had remained a Republican he would have been an imperialist. Now he can rejoice as an "anti." If he had remained a Republican he would have been a supporter of the awful crime against Colombia, but as it is he was able to vote against the Panama Canal. His whole stock of convictions, first principles and "foundations of our liberties," would have been different from what they are today.

Moreover, he is safely fixed in his chair in the United States Senate, where he forms one-ninetieth of the "greatest deliberative assembly on earth." Outrageous fortune has no slings that can harm the Hon. FREDERICK T. DENOIS.

Good Selling Points.

An exchange says the Japanese soldier has muscles like whipcord, is a sure shot, has a good eye for landmarks, sleeps only three hours out of the twenty-four, is cleanly and patriotic and costs the nation only 9 cents a day. Sounds as if some big department store had just received a choice lot of Japanese soldiers and was bound to have a run on them.—Buffalo Express.

Advertised Letters.

Following are the unclaimed letters remaining in the postoffice at Marion, Ky. If not called for within 30 days, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

Elizabeth Brint	Gordon Brown
Santa Claus	Jane Cothran
Lafayette Colesela	James Carr
W. E. Fulks	Sarah Fowler
Sallie Darnell	Birdie Eaton
Ethel Hues	Jim Hosick
John Hill	Sallie McMicau
Lewie Hughes	Walter Simpson
Laura B. Rushing	Jos. Slaton
W. M. Paris	Thomas Phelps
Della Pechim	Geo. W. Sutton
Robert Sherman	Thomas Harvey
D. C. Tuten	D. W. Woodruff
A. H. West	Ed Wilson
Emma Washburn	Jno. Whitmer
Henry Tipton Whit	

POSTAL CARDS.

T. M. Powell—McKan & Cochran
Please say "advertised" when inquiring. Geo. M. CRIDER, P. M.
July 4th, 1904.

Despondency.

I seek the humble cottage in the lane
And boldly enter through the castle gate,
I haunt the lowly and harass the great;
I loiter in the city, cross the plain,
Pursue the mariner upon the main
And to the hermit's hovel penetrate;
Where peace prevails and where wars devastate
I pitch my tent, or pass with cool disdain,
I knock and am straightway let in
At least
Or funeral or where fond love sighs;
I make the soldier bow his head;
the priest,
The poet and the sage admit me, I
Am floated only by the fool, whose least
Delight I cannot mar, how'er I try.

S. E. KJEBE.

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